L. Cheron Inv.

G. Wagner Sculp.

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G. Wagner Sculp.

FLORA;

OR,

HOB in the Well.

AN

OPERA.

As it is now Acting at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

BEING

Mr. *Dogget's* FARCE of the COUNTRY WAKE, alter'd after the Manner of the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

By Mr. HIPPISLEY.

Agreſtem tenui meditabor Arundine Muſam.

VIRG.

The SIXTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for W. FEALES, the Corner of *Eſſex-Street* in the *Strand.* 1748.

[Price Six-pence.]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir Thomas Teſty, *Uncle and Guardian to* Flora.	Mr. *Arthur.*
Friendly, *a Gentleman in Love with* Flora.	Mr. *Lowe.*
Dick, *an impudent Fellow, his Man.*	Mr. *Anderſon.*
Hob, *a ſimple Country Fellow.*	Mr. *Dunſtall.*
Old Hob, *his Father.*	Mr. *Reaman.*
Three Servants to Sir Thomas.	
Two Country-Men.	

WOMEN.

Flora, *Niece to Sir* Thomas, *in Love with* Friendly.	Miſs. *Young.*
Betty, *her Maid and Confident.*	Mrs. *Pitt.*
Hob's *Mother.*	Mrs. *Dunſtall.*

SCENE, in *Somerſetſhire.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

FLORA;

FLORA; *or* HOB in the Well.

An OPERA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

After the Overture. Flora *and* Betty *discover'd.*

AIR I.

To the Tune of, At Noon one ſultry Summer's Day.

Flora Sings. *HOW wretched are we Orphans made,*
By dying Parents Wills betray'd
To Guardians Powers, who oft invade
our Freedom, to our Coſt?
Like Captives they their Wards confine,
Pretending Care; but with Deſign
To proſtitute 'em for their Coin,
to whoe'er bids the moſt.

Betty. —

Bet. Madam.

Flo. It's a ſad Life I lead here.

Bet. Life indeed, Madam, is a ſad Thing any where to Lovers that are uncoupled.

Flo. Wer't thou ever in Love, *Betty?*

Bet. O moſt cruelly Madam; but the man I lov'd, had another more darling Miſtreſs—call'd *Claret*—for whoſe ſweet Society I was forſaken.

AIR II. Ye Beaus of Pleaſure.

Betty Sings. *The Men of Pleaſure,*
Who count the Seizure
Of Virgin Treaſure
a pleaſing Taſk.
No ſooner gain it,
But they refrain it,
Nay, oft diſdain it
for t'other Flaſk.

Flo. And how do you find yourſelf now?

Bet. As moſt Folks are, after the Loſs of an old Lover.

Flo. How's that?

Bet. Ready for a new One.

Flo. Wou'd I were of thy Humour.——But my ſilly Heart's ſo ſet upon Mr. *Friendly*, that all Mankind beſide are no more than my own Sex to me.

Bet. Then you muſt have him, Madam, or you'll go into a Conſumption ——

Flo. Ay, but how ſhall I come at him, *Betty?*

Bet. Why run a Riſque, Madam.

Flo. What Riſque?

Bet. Run away with him.

Flo. Pſha! How is that poſſible! when my Uncle locks me up as if I were his only Bottle of Brandy?

Bet. You know, Madam, I have ſometimes the Keys of both in my Keeping——and if you pleaſe to uncork your Conſcience, I'll undertake, in eight and forty Hours, Mr. *Friendly* ſhall have at leaſt half a Dozen Godowns of you.

Flo. Ah, *Betty!* I'm afraid you flatter me.

Bet. Nay, Madam, you are as good a Judge of that as I; for you muſt own, he has a very promiſing Perſon.

Flo. Pſha! I don't think of his Perſon.

Bet. If any other Woman thought half ſo much of it, you wou'd pull her Commode for her.

Flo. Pooh! but I mean I am afraid you are not ſincere in your Advice, and that if I ſhou'd truſt you with any Deſign of that Nature, you wou'd diſcover it to my Uncle.

Bet.

Bet. Ah! but if I were to live with you, and have my Wages rais'd, after you are married—I know whoſe Suſpicion does me a great deal of Wrong.

Flo. Swear then to be true, and I will truſt you. But, dear *Betty*, be out of the Faſhion for once, and keep your Oath; I'll tell you why I ſo earneſtly entreat you.

AIR III. I, who once was Great, now Little am grown.

Flo. Sings. *Cuſtom prevailing ſo long 'mongſt the Great,*
Makes Oaths eaſy Potions to ſleep on,
Which many (on gaining good Places) repeat,
Without e'er deſigning to keep one.

For an Oath's ſeldom kept, as a Virgin's fair Fame;
A Lover's fond Vows, or a Prelate's good Name;
A Lawyer to Truth; a Stateſman from Blame;
Or a Patriot Heart in a Courtier.

Bet. Here then, I ſwear, by all my Hopes and Perquiſites; by the ſweet Profits of my Place in View, and double Wages in Reverſion; by your lac'd Shoes too big, and thoſe too little; by the Silk Gown you'll give me at your Wedding; by all your Manteaus, Heads, Hoops, ſhort Hoods and Cloaks, and as I hope your laſt blue Atlas never will be worn again; I ſwear ——

Flo. That you will inviolably keep my Secrets, and aſſiſt me to your utmoſt, in running away with Mr. *Friendly.*

Bet. I ſwear.

Flo. Then I will truſt you; and when I'm married, *Betty*, every Article of your Oath ſhall be made good to you—Look here then, here's a Letter I had juſt written to Mr. *Friendly*, wherein I've promis'd, at Twelve o'Clock to Night, to be upon the Mount in the Garden; and if he will take care to meet me on t'other Side, and ſet a Ladder againſt the Wall, I'll toſs over my Bandbox, venture catching Cold in the Dew, and take my Fortune with him.

Bet.

Bet. There's Metal in the Propoſal, Madam—Let's ſee the Letter, he ſhall have it in a Quarter of an Hour, tho' I carry it myſelf.

Flo. But I won't venture neither, unleſs his Anſwer tells he'll be ready—So, dear *Betty*, be careful, I have no Mortal to truſt but thee.

Bet. And no Mortal fitter to be truſted. [*Exit.*

Flo. So, now my Heart's at Baſe —— I find my Reſolution's good at the Bottom; and ſince I have ſet my head upon running away, 'tis not my old Uncle, nor the Garden-Wall ſhall ſtop me, tho' he were as wiſe as a Biſhop, and the Wall as high as a Church-Steeple.

AIR IV. Man in Imagination.

Tho' my Uncle ſtrives t'immure me,
My Lover's Voice will lure me,
To leap from the Mount o'er the Garden-Wall,
And fly this hated Place.

Oh, a tedious Day to me 'tis;
But when Sol's in the Arms of his Thetis,
Swift as the Roe (at my Hero's Call)
I'll elude my Hunter's Chaſe.

Ah! ——

Enter Sir Tho. Teſty.

Sir *Tho.* How now! Mrs. *Irreverence!* Am I ſuch a Hobgoblin, that you ſtart at the Sight of me.

Flo. Sir, I did not think any Harm; but when you come upon one unawares ——

Sir *Tho.* Unawares! What! I ſurpriz'd you then? Your Head was full of other Matters, which, I ſuppoſe, that cloſe Committee of the Fleſh and the Devil have abſolutely reſolv'd to be the Fundamentals of your Conſtitution.

AIR

AIR V. As I was walking thro' *Hide-park.*

Sir Tho. *When a Girl fifteen Years does attain,*
Love's Follies invading her Brain,
Her Virtue's held by a ſlight Rein.

For Equipage, Hurry and Noiſe,
Gay Cloathing, and ſuch Female Toys,
She'll forego more ſubſtantial Joys.
To a Feather or powder'd Tupee
Her Heart ſoon a Captive wou'd be,
To keep ſuch a one chaſte, we muſt lock her up faſt:
That Maxim baſt pleaſes me.

Flo. Lord! Sir, how ſtrangely you talk to one.

Sir *Tho.* Talk! you Malapert; why who ſhou'd talk to you but I? Who am I? Huſſy? Who am I?

Flo. You are my Uncle by Relation, my Guardian by my Father's Will, and my Jaylor againſt mine.

Sir *Tho.* Then while you are my Priſoner, Huſſy, how dare you take ſuch Liberty?

Flo. Becauſe Liberty, Sir, is the ſweeteſt Thing a Priſoner can take.

Sir *Tho.* Don't you think in your Conſcience now, Miſtreſs, you deſerve to be lock'd up?

Flo. I think in my Conſcience, you ought to let me Marry, ſince I've a Mind to't.

Sir *Tho.* Provoking! Dare you own this to my Face?

Flo. Why, Sir, is't a Fault? You have kept me in Priſon for theſe ten Months, and I did not know but my confeſſing it might deſerve a little of your Mercy.

Sir *Tho.* Aſtoniſhing! The Devil has harden'd you, Huſſy! you are a Sight! Go, go, to your Chamber, People will ſtare at you; I wou'd not have you ſeen abroad in this Condition for——O Lurd! Your Brain's turn'd! You ſhall bleed, Miſtreſs; I'll have your Room darken'd: Water-Gruel, Diſcipline and Water-Gruel! ye Gods!

Flo. Look'e Uncle, I find you have a mind to drive me to a hard Bargain; therefore to let you ſee that I am

am no Hagler, I'll make you an Offer which ſhall fairly come up to the moſt you can make of me—as thus—

Sir *Tho.* What new Diſtraction haſt thou got in thy Head now?

Flo. Hear me: You know I have 8000*l.* to my Fortune; and that by my Father's Will, you are to be allow'd the whole Intereſt of it, till I am either Married or of Age, to reimburſe your Expences in maintaining me; which ſaid Maintenance, by a modeſt Computation, may ſtand you in— Let me ſee— About ſeven or eight Pounds a Year (for I've had no Cloaths but my Mother's)—Now, Sir, if you'll immediately give me the Liberty of Marrying the Man I have a Mind to, I'll engage he ſhall conſent to the throwing of my Fortune into the publick Funds, the Minute you throw me into his Arms. So you ſhall have the Uſe of my Pence till I am of Age, as a Premium for advancing to him the Uſe of my Perſon.

Sir *Tho.* Hum! The Girl begins to talk ſenſibly—— But 'tis not yet proper to underſtand her—— Look'e, Child, when you have perſuaded your Lover to make the ſame Propoſal under his Hand, I ſhall then believe you are equally mad to come at one another———— In the mean Time, let me adviſe you to your Chamber, from whence I will allow you the lovely Proſpect of the Garden. [*Exit.*

Flo You may chance to fret for this, my very wiſe Uncle. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Friendly *and* Servant.

Friend. What a watchful old Rogue is this?

Servant. A very Dragon, Sir.

Friend. To uſe a young Creature ſo unmercifully.

Serv. Nay, Sir, ſo uncivilly.

Friend. How, Sirrah?

Serv. To force her to ſuch Extremities, to make her ſtraddle over a great Wall, and riſque her Neck down a Ladder at Midnight, when he ought to lend her his Hand into a Coach and Six out of his great Gate at Noon-

Noon-Day to come to you, Sir. But the Raſcal has no Breeding.

Friend. By *Mercury*, I'll be even with him.

Serv. You have Reaſon, Sir, for tho' I ſay it—

Friend. That ſhou'd not ſay it.

Serv. She is a lovely Piece of Temptation, Sir.

Friend. What's o'Clock, Sirrah?

Serv. By the Moon's riſing, I believe it may be about, about, a — paſt Ten.

Friend. Then, Sirrah, about paſt—Twelve—

Serv. You'll have one of her blue ſilk Stockings ſtradling over the Wall, Sir—

AIR VI. At paſt One o'Clock, and a cold froſty Morning.

Friendly Sings.

At paſt Twelve o'Clock, and a fine Summer's Morning,
When all in the Village ſleep pleaſantly,
Cynthia's *bright Beams, all Nature adorning,*
Shall guide my ſwift Steps to my lovely She.

Then my fair Flora, *fraught with kind Wiſhes,*
I'll fold in my Arms, with amorous Kiſſes,
Which ſerve as Preludes to more ſolid Bliſſes—
Soon as the Vicar has made us one.

But where's the Country Fellow you promis'd ſhou'd carry my Anſwer to her Letter?

Serv. Who, *Hob*, Sir! Here he is; and if any ſuſpects his Face for a Pimp's, I have no Skill in the Science, Sir.

Enter Hob.

Friend. Well, *Hob*, can'ſt thou carry this Letter to Sir *Thomas Teſty*'s Houſe for me?

Hob. Yes, Zir, yes.

Friend. Do ſo, and give it to Madam *Flora*; but take care no body ſees you deliver it.

Hob. Yes, Zir,—But muſt I carry it to Night?—'Tis main dark.

Friend. You muſt go immediately.

Hob,

Hob. I hope, Zir, there's no Difference between you and Zir *Tomas*.

Friend. Why do'ſt hope ſo?

Hob. Why truly Zir, I do hear there be; and therefore I don't care to meddle or make between Friends; for 'tis but an unthankful Office; and you know Zir *Tomas* is very cruſty, and if he do's but zuſpect that I ſhau'd conzarn myzel, may hap he may take the Law of me; and you knaw Zir, that Law is a vrightful Thing.

AIR VII. She got Money by th'Bargain.

Sings. *The terrible Law, When it faſtens its Paw,*
On a poor Man, it gripes 'till he's undone;
And what I am doing, May turn to my Ruin,
Tho' rich as the Lord Mayor of London.

Therefore I'll be wary, What Meſſage I carry
Unleſs we firſt make a zure Bargain;
I will be 'dempnify'd, Throughly zatisfy'd
That ch'am ſhan't zuffer a Varding.

Friend. Piſh, the Law ſhall never trouble thee; I'll ſecure thee from any Harm.

Hob. Very well, Zir, very well, that's as much as I can dezire: But pray don't take unkindly what I zay, for you know no Man is willing to bring himzel into a Primunire if he con help it.

Friend. No, no—Prithee be gone.

Hob. I will Zir, I will,—for—for—Pray, Zir, be pleas'd to read the Zubſcription for me.

Friend. S'Death, how I am tortur'd with this fooliſh Fellow, and I can ſend no body elſe without being ſuſpected—Don't trouble thyſelf with the Superſcription, but deliver it as I bid thee.

Hob. Very good, Zir, very good—'Tis main dark—Wou'd it not do as well, Zir, if I ſhould carry it in the Morning? I had rather go in the Morning.

Friend. Why ſo?

Hob.

Hob. Why, truly, Zir, I'll tell you: At the lower End of Zir *Tomas*'s Orchard, one of our poor Neighbours being in a diſparaging Condition, has gone and hang'd himzel — Now there is zome do zay that he walks by Night in zeveral zorts of Shapes.

Friend. What, and ſo you are afraid, are you?

Hob. No, indeed, Sir, ch'am not afraid —— I thank Marcy, I defy theDevil and all his Works.

Friend. A Pox on thee then, get thee gone.

Hob. Tho' I muſt tell you, I have a great Concait he will appear to me, — vor you muſt knaw, to Morrow the Crowner's Queſt is to zit upon him, whereof, d'ye zee, I'm to be one; and who knows but he may have zomething upon his Spirits that may make him break his Mind to me; and if zo, let me tell you, I'm afraid it will make a bad Day for zomebody ——- vor if Zir *Tomas* had kept his Fences whole, mayhap this Man had ne'er been tempted to ha' gone into his Ground to ha' hang'd himzel. But be that as it will, I'll do your Buſineſs vor you; therefore pray take you no Care, Zir ——

Friend. Prithee about it then.

Hob. Ay, ay, I'll warrant you, don't trouble your zel no vurder — vor if I zay I'll do't, I'll do't, that's my Humour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Thomas *and* Servants.

Sir *Tho.* 'Twill be a hard Matter to ſink any of the Principal, indeed; ſo that cou'd the Girl make good the Propoſal, I would not care how ſoon ſhe were kiſs'd black in the Face; but ſhould I give her the leaſt Liberty upon't, 'tis poſſible when ſhe has made uſe on't, her Conſcience might deſire to be off. And I dare ſwear her Lover will ſpare neither Care nor Coſt to come at her without my Conſent, and Gold in particular has a prevailing Influence in a Love Affair, therefore I muſt watch my Ward myſelf — Servants may be corrupted.

AIR VIII. We'll learn to be merry and wiſe.

Sir *Tho.* Sings. *To guard my* Heſperian Tree
Requires more Care than of Old;
That was robb'd by a half Deity,
And without the Aſſiſtance of Gold.

But in this Age, Gold ſoftens the Mind,
A Governante's Tongue 'twill lay mute;
Charm Prudes, make a coy Virgin kind,
Whilſt a Lover (with Eaſe) ſteals the Fruit.

D'ye hear, Raſcals, look ſharp, for this is the uſual Hour that your ſoft ſighing Rogues run a Caterwauling.

Serv. Sir! Sir! yonder's ſomebody with a Light coming down the Field.

Sir *Tho.* Stand ſtill then, and obſerve.

Enter Hob, *Whiſtling.*

Hob. Zo, this is the Houſe — now let me zee — how ſhall I go about to do this zame Buſineſs——If that old Fox, Zir *Tomas*, ſhou'd ſpy me, he'd maul me vor zartain —— But let me alone, I'll be cunning enough vor him, I'll warrant ye — If he zees me, he muſt have more Eyes than two. —— Hold, hold, now let me zee vor this ſame Letter — O, here it is —— For Madam *Flo*——— *Flo*—— Madam *Flora*.

Sir *Tho.* Where are you carrying this Letter, Friend? [*Sir* Tho. *ſnatching it.*

Hob. Letter, Zir?

Sir *Tho.* Letter, Sir! ay Letter, Sir! who did you bring it from?

Hob. Bring it vrom, Zir; I brought it vrom no Body, not I.

Sir *Tho.* How came you by it?

Hob. By it, Zir, I did not buy it; why I vound it in my Pocket, Zir.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Found it in your Pocket — What did it grow there then, ha! Where are you going with it?

Hob. Going with it, Zir? I dan't knaw where ch'am going with it, not I.

Sir *Tho.* What do you do here at this Time o'Night?

Hob. I can't tell what I do here, not I — I'll go home, Zir, if you pleaſe — I wiſh you a good Night.

Sir *Tho.* Hold, hold, a little, Friend, let me reward you firſt for bringing it, however.

Hob. Not a Varthing, Zir, indeed, I muſt not take one Varthing, for Maiſter *Friendly* charg'n me to th' Contrary; therefore pray dan't offer it.

Sir *Tho.* O, did he ſo —— but ſomething I will give yon however; Pray take that, and that Sirrah.

[*Beats him.*

Hob. O Lard! O Lard! what do ye ſtrik'n vor? avore Gad I'll take the Law of you, zee an I don't— what do you go to murder me?

Sir *Tho.* I'll Law you, you Rogue —— are you their Letter Carrier? there's more for you, Sirrah.

Hob. Bear Witneſs, bear Witneſs, ze an you don't pay for this, O Lard! O Lard!

Sir *Tho,* Here, Sirrahs, lay hold of him, till I examine the Letter. Let's ſee — To Mrs. *Flora* — right.

The Propoſal you mention, in Caſe of Extremity, will certainly do, but it will be a much pleaſanter Piece of Juſtice to bite him for his Barbarity. [A Son of a Whore, he means me to be ſure.] *The Ladder, and all Things ſhall be ready exactly at Twelve to Night.* [Oons!] *If you have any thing farther of Moment, this Fellow is honeſt, and will convey it ſafe to your eternal Lover,*

Tom. Friendly.

Yes, yes, I find he is honeſt, with a Pox to him, and I'll reward him accordingly — Here, deſire that honeſt Gentleman to walk down to the Bottom of that Well — And let him ſtay there till I call for him.

Hob. I con't do it, as I hope to be zav'd I con't; pray vorbear, and don't murder an innocent Man.

[*Falls on his Knees.*

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Hob. I con't do it, as I hope to be zav'd I con't; pray vorbear, and don't murder an innocent Man.

[*Falls on his Knees.*

AIR IX. My Father he left me a wealthy Eſtate.

Sings. *I never till now was conzarned in Strife,*
Have Marcy, Sir Tomas, *and ſpare poor* Hob's *Life,*
And give me my Vreedom, as I had bevore ——
I'll be a good Boy, and I'll do zo no more:
Indeed I won't ——

Sir *Tho.* In with him, I ſay ——

Hob. O Lard! Maiſter *Jonathan*, I vorewarn you, dan't ye be conzarn'd in this: Conzider what you do.

Sir *Tho.* Oons! in with him.

Hob. You are all Principals, there are no 'Compliſhes in Murder. Help! Murder!

[*They put him down, and Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chamber.*

Enter Flora.

Flo. I heard a ſtrange Noiſe without; I wiſh Things go as they ſhou'd — My Heart beats, as if Mr, What d'ye call 'em were in my Arms. — Well, this Love's a terrible Thing — Wou'd the worſt on't were over, I'm afraid I ſhall never be able to go thro' with it — I am ſure here's an odd Buſtle about it. [*Enter* Betty. How, now!

Bet. Undone! undone! Madam; Your Uncle has intercepted Mr. *Friendly*'s Letter, in Anſwer to yours, and all your Deſign's diſcovered; he raves and tears like a Mad-man, and in his Paſſion has thrown the poor Fellow that brought it into the great Well — and ſwears if any Body offers to help him out, without his Order, he'll throw them in after him.

Flo. Well, if I am here alive, I thought it wou'd come to nothing— It vexes the Heart of me.

Bet. But come, Madam, don't be wholly diſcouraged, for *John* tells me, 'tis a hundred to one but the Fellow's drown'd.

Flo.

Flo. Pſha! I wiſh my Uncle was drown'd in his room.

Bet. No, Madam, but he'll be hang'd, and that's as well.

Flo. Do you really think ſo?

Bet. Poz.

Flo. Then I'll marry in ſpite of his Teeth.

Bet. Right, when he's in one Nooſe, you may ſlip into t'other.

Flo. Dear *Betty*, ſtep out and ſee how 'tis with the Fellow, for I'm in a thouſand Frights; and if Things are — you know how, — aſk when the Aſſizes begin.

[*Exit.*

AIR X. The Laſs with the Nut-brown Hair.

Flora Sings. *To forgive ſure is great,*
But Revenge for Wrong's ſweet,
So for once let Reſentment prevail;
My Guardian Relation,
Is in a Situation,
Should move a ſoft Breaſt to bewail.

But his ſordid Cruelty,
Has ſo perverted me,
I can hear of his Death without Pain;
When he's ſwinging in his Shoes,
I'll fix my Marriage Nooſe,
And (with Juſtice) great Hymen *ſhall reign.* [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Well*, &c.

Enter Old Hob *and his Wife.*

O. *Hob.* Come Wife, never trouble thy zelf, a wull go a rawging zometimes, and there's an End on't, a wull come home again I warrant 'un.

Wife. I think o' my Conſcience it's no great Matter whether he does or no. — A baſe Raugue to be out of the Way at ſuch a buſy Time as thick is: The Zun

has been up this Hour and Quarter, and that graceleſs Boy, I warrant, has not been a bed yet; prithee Huſband ſtep and zee, a'n he be'nt zotting at the Park-gate, and I'll draw th' Water in the mean Time.

O. *Hob.* Do you then. [*Exit.*

Wife. This Boy's the Plague of my Life, I think — 'twere more than Time the Gammon had been boiled by now. And now the Volk will come to the Wake bevore he be cold — and then it waun't be vit to be eaten — A Jackanapes! when I bid 'en, and beg 'en, and prayed 'en to ſtay, and he wou'd go — And yet notwithſtanding all I have zaid, cou'd I lay Eyes on him, I ſhan'd vorget his Roguery and vorgiv'n.

AIR XI. The *Logan* Water is ſo deep.

Sings. *The Shepherdeſs with Looks diſmay'd,*
Becauſe her Fav'rite Lamb has ſtray'd;
In angry Search her Time employs;
But found — that Paſſion's loſt in Joys.

So will it be, with ſilly me,
When next my Truant Boy I ſee;
My Heart pleads ſtrongly on his Side,
And I ſhall rather kiſs than chide.

Here have I been blaming the poor Boy for not minding his Buſineſs, and at the ſame Time neglect my own; I muſt haſte to wind up the Bucket, or I ſhall have Huſband back bevore I've drawn a Drop of Water.

[*Goes to the Well and ſings; Did you not hear,* &c. Lud, Lud, 'tis main heavy — Heyday — I believe old Nick's in the Bottom o'the Bucket, for my Part. [Hob *cries out.*] Oh, a Ghoſt! a Ghoſt!

[Hob *appears in the Bucket, and ſhe lets the Rope go, and he ſinks again.*

Enter Old Hob.

O. *Hob.* Heyday! what's the Matter, with a Murrain t'ye, is the Woman in her Tantrums?

Wife.

Wife. A Ghoſt! a Ghoſt! — *Hob*'s Ghoſt in the Well —— ah ——

O. *Hob.* The Woman's turn'd Vool, I think — let me zee, if the Devil be in the Well, I'll vetch 'en out on't — here's a Rout indeed — Wauns! I think the Devil be in the Bucket — But now I have got 'en half Way, I'll knaw what zort of a Devil 'tis, and if he ben't a zivil one, I'll zouze 'en and zop 'en in the Bottom agen.

Y. *Hob.* Ah! hau'd vaſt, Vather, 'tis I! 'tis I!

Wife. Ah! 'tis there agen.

O. *Hob.* Hau'd your Peace, I zay, the Devil can't get in a Word for you, I think — who's there? *Hob?*

Y. *Hob.* Ay, vor Love's zake pull away, Vather.

O. *Hob.* Prithee lends thy Hond Wife — Bleſs my Eyes! 'tis *Hob* indeed — what in the Name of Wonder doſt thou here, Lad?

Y. *Hob.* Ah! dan't 'e aſk Queſtions now, Vather — get me home — Zir *Tomas* has don't; but if there be Law in all the King's Kingdom, I'll Capias 'en vor zartain, I dan't knaw but it may prove the Death of me; I'll zue him nezt Hizi-Prizis an't coſt me vorty Shillings. I'll zue him, come on't what will — zee if I don't make him pay vor't.

AIR XII. To an *Iriſh* Tune. Trio.

Wife. *Oh! my poor Boy,*
O. Hob. *His Looks are ſtark wild!*
Wife. *Cou'd Sir* Tomas *deſtroy*
O. Hob. *So hopeful a Child!*
Y. Hob. *I'll Revenge if I con.*
Wife. *Ah! talk ſo no more.*
O. Hob. *He's a Great Man,*
O. Hob *and* Wife. *And we are but poor.*
Y. Hob. *All you do zay can zignify nothing,*
I'll Capias 'en vor't let it coſt what it will.
Wife. *Go to Bed, Boy, whilſt I get thee dry Cloathing.*
O. Hob. *Think thou art taught to return Good for Ill?*
Y. Hob. *I'll Indict 'en i'th' Crown,*

And

And bind o'er to the Seſſion,
Tho'ſ I zell my Heifer, and the auld Mare,
Udsblead I'd hang 'en or drown 'en;
O. Hob. ——————— *Forbear zuch Expreſſions* —
Wife. *Prithee vorgive, and be not zevere.*
Y. Hob. *I'll never vorgive, and will be zevere.*

Wife. Oh, poor *Hob!* come along Child, and I'll get thee a little Zugar-zops to comfort thy Bowels.

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Sir Thomas *and* Servant.

Sir *Tho.* JOHN, what's become of the Fellow that fell into the Well laſt Night, has any Body taken any care of him?

Serv. No, Sir, your Worſhip ſaid he ſhould lye there till your Worſhip was pleaſed to call for him —

Sir *Tho.* Oons, Sirrah, you have not drown'd the Fellow, have you?

Serv. Who, I drown him, Sir! nay, nay, hau'd yee, I am but a Servant, and 'twas you bad me; an any Miſchief ſhou'd come on't, 'tis you muſt anſwer it.--Fleſh! what have I to do with it?

Sir *Tho.* You impudent Rogue! wou'd you put your Villanies upon me? Did not I ſee you Collar him, did not you lay violent Hands upon him, Sirrah, and am not I a Witneſs againſt you?

Serv. Lard! Lard! at this rate, a Man had as good be a Galley-Slave, as a Servant—If one don't do as one's bid, one's Head's broke; and if one does, one's to be hang'd for't — but come what will, the Gallows will hold two, that's the beſt on't.

Sir *Tho.* He ſays true, faith — Well, well, keep your own Counſel Sirrah, and I'll ſee what I can do to ſave you.

Serv. Nay, nay, as for that, do you ſee, do as you ſee Cauſe — let it go thick way, or let it go thack way, 'tis all a Caſe to me, go which way it will; one good Turn will require another.

Sir *Tho.* Hold your Peace, Sirrah — and be gone — [*Exit Servant.*] This ſurly Dog is not to be frighted, I ſee;

ſee; I muſt (as is cuſtomary with a Man in Power) protect this Fellow in his Roguery for my own Sake.

AIR XIII. I have left the World as the World found me.

Sir *Thomas* Sings.

A Rogue that is hired
To do what's required,
And ne'er ſtick at Honour or Conſcience,
To compaſs his Ends,
Will deſtroy his beſt Friends,
For a Villain's ſure Friendſhip is Nonſenſe.

Yet ſtill he may laugh,
Well aſſur'd he is ſafe,
And deſpiſe all Attempts to accuſe him;
For his Patron oft-times
Promoting his Crimes,
Muſt (for Self-Preſervation, excuſe him.

Enter Servant *with a Letter.*

Serv. Sir, here's a Letter for you.

Sir *Tho.* Who brought it?

Serv. Mr. *Friendly*'s Man, Sir.

Sir *Tho.* Let's ſee; *(Reads)*

Sir, your Niece informs me, that ſhe has made you a Propoſal concerning our Marriage, which I am willing to ratify when ever you will pleaſe to do me the Honour of a Meeting. Yours.

Humph! that Meeting may be to meet with my Niece, for ought I know — I muſt have the Particulars under his Hand, before I ſeem to underſtand him: Therefore, that I don't underſtand him, ſhall be my Anſwer. —— In the mean Time I'll put on a ſmoother Look to the Girl, and ſhew her a little of the Country Diverſion from the Mount in the Garden; and if they are in earneſt, that good Humour will work her to work him up

up to my Price —— Bid the Fellow ſtay 'till I write him an Anſwer.

SCENE II. *The Wood and Garden-Wall.*

Enter Old Hob *and* Wife.

Wife. Come, Huſband, now the Boy has got on his dry Cloaths, let him be ſtirring a bit — Come, come, make haſte, the Town will be vull of Volk, bevore we ſhall get vitted.

O. *Hob.* Don't trouble thy zelf, Wife, every thing within Doors is ready, and there's nothing wanting but the Zign to be put up, and look'ye, that ſhall be done preſent —— *Hob! Hob!*

Hob within. What zay you, Vather?

O. *Hob.* Tap the Ale, quick, quick.

Hob within. Ay, ay, Vather.

O. *Hob.* There — now he that will drink good Ale, let him come to the Zign of the Pot-Lid — Come, Wife, let's to our Buſineſs within. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Friendly *diſguiſed,* Servant, and Country People.

Friend. If this Diſguiſe does not conceal me ——

Serv. You'll then be out of Countenance to no Purpoſe, Sir — But pray, Sir, what do you propoſe by turning Ballad-Singer?

Friend. I do propoſe that *Flora* ſhall know me by my Voice, and that conſequentlv her Wits will ſoon be at work to come at me.

Serv. Well, Sir, but of what Uſe can I be? for I can no more ſing, than I can faſt.

Friend. But you can help to draw other gaping Fools about me.

Serv. There's ſome Senſe in that indeed, Sir.

Enter Sir Thomas, Flora, *and* Betty.

Sir *Tho.* Come, Niece, if you muſt ſee the Paſtime, you

you may have as fair a Proſpect of it here, as in the Crowd.

Flora. I like it very well here, Sir.

Friend. Well, ho! this ſame is intitled, An excellent new Ballad, in Praiſe of the *Country-Wake.*

Sir *Tho.* Hark! we ſhall have a merry Ballad.

Flora. Bleſs my Eyes! — is not that he, *Betty?*

Betty. The very He, Madam — but huſh.

AIR XIV. *A Ballad.* Rare doings at *Bath.*

Friendly Sings.

I.

I'LL ſing you a Ditty, and warrant it true,
Give but Attention unto me a while,
Of Tranſactions at Court, and in Country too;
Toilſome Pleaſures, and pleaſing Toil,
Accept it (I pray) as your Help-mates you take,
To ſome 'twill give Joy,
And ſome others annoy,
All's fair at a Country-Wake, All's fair, &c.

II.

" At Courts we ſee Patriots noble and juſt,
" Fit for Employments of Honour and Power;
" But then there are Sycophants, unfit for Truſt,
" Blend with the Great, and in Number are more;
" Slaves, who would Honour and Honeſty ſtake,
" With ſordid Intention
" To get Place or Penſion;
" Strange News at a Country-Wake, Strange News, &c.

III.

Some Ladies at Court are ſtil'd unpolite,
Becauſe truly Virtuous, and prone to no Ill;
Whilſt others who ſparkle in Diamonds bright,
Are ſtript of their Pride at Baſſet *or* Quadrille,
Till their Loſſes at Play do their Lord's Credit ſhake,
Then their Toys to recover,
They'll grant the laſt Favour;
Strange News at a Country-Wake, Strange News, &c.

IV.

IV.

Here moſt of our Gentlemen Patriots are,
Tho' very bad Stateſmen, I freely confeſs;
They deſign Harm to none — but a Fox or a Hare,
And are always found Loyal in War and in Peace.
The Farmer's Induſtry does Earth fertile make;
The Huſbandman's Plowing,
His Planting and Sowing,
Gets Health and good Cheer at a Country-Wake. Gets, &c.

V.

Our Girls blooming fair, without Waſhes or Paints,
From neighbouring Villages hither reſort;
They kiſs ſweet as Roſes, yet virtuous as Saints
(Who can ſay more for the Ladies at Court)
No worldly Cares vex 'em aſleep or awake,
But their Time they improve
In Peace and true Love,
And innocent Mirth, at the Country-Wake. And, &c.

VI.

The Schemes of a Courtier are full of Intrigue;
Here's all fair and open, dark Deeds we deſpiſe:
Set Rural Contentment 'gainſt courtly Fatigue,
Who chooſes the former is happy and wiſe.
Now let's pray for the King, and, for England's *ſake,*
From all Faction free
May his Subjects agree
As well at the Court as the Country-Wake. As well, &c.

Do you think ſhe knew me?

Serv. Knew you, Sir! why I bought one of your Ballads for her, and ſhe tipt the Wink upon me, with as much as to ſay, deſire him not to go till he hears from me. — Suppoſe, Sir, you took a Cup of Nappy here, to paſs away the Time a little.

Friend. Call for what you have a mind to.

Serv. Here, Houſe! ———

Enter Hob.

Hob. Ch'am coming, Ch'am coming. Your Zarvant, Maiſter *Friendly*, I'm glad to zee you, you're welcome to the Vair.

Friend. I thank you, honeſt *Hob.*

Hob. I ſhau'd knaw that Gentlemon —— Maiſter *Richard*, I think.

Serv. Ay, *Hob*, how do'ſt do?

Hob. O Laird, Maiſter, haw d'ye do? Come, pray zit down. — Maiſter *Friendly* — Come, pray ſtay, and drink one Pot avore you go.

Friend. Sit down, or this Fellow's Impertinence will make us obſerv'd. What do'ſt thou do with an Apron on, *Hob?*

Hob. Adod, I put'n on but juſt now; Vather will do as Neighbours do, and every one i'th' Town almoſt zells Ale on Vair-day — But now we zell ſeveral other Zorts of Liquors, and Wine too, an Occaſion be.

Friend. Wine!

Hob. Ay, all Zorts of Wine.

Friend. Say'ſt thou ſo? Bring us ſome *Claret* then.

Hob. Claret, Zir! We have no *Claret*, we mun not ſell *Claret*, 'tis againſt th' Law. — Now you may ha' ſome o' your *Port*, your *Red Port* now, or your *White-Port*, or ſuch zort of Stuff.

Friend. Such Stuff as thou haſt then, prithee bring us.

Hob. Yes, Zir —Ch'am coming—Now in my Mind, Zir, what do you think of a little Zack; a little Zack now, and zome o' your Zugar in't, is main good.

Friend. Prithee bring what thou lik'ſt beſt thyſelf, for I'm ſure 'twill pleaſe no Palate but thy own.

[*Exit* Hob.

Serv. Sir, with humble Submiſſion, I don't yet diſcover any great Hopes from this ſame Project of yours. Pray, Sir, how do you propoſe to come at the Lady?

Friend. While the Garden Door's ſhut, and that old Dragon is ſo watchful of the Fruit, there are but little Hopes indeed. However, I won't quit the Place; Fortune may yet do ſomething unexpectedly to befriend me.

Enter Hob, *with Pots, Tobacco, Bread, Cheeſe and Sugar.*

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming. — Here, Zir.—

Friend. Where's the Sack, *Hob.*

Hob. Zack, Zir! Odd I dan't knaw, I thought you zaid you had rather have Ale. — Ale is indeed much wholſomer

wholſomer for your *Engliſh* Stomachs. — For my Part, I'd rather have Ale now. Maiſter *Richard*, bite a bit avore you drink; come, and in the mean Time I'll put a little Zugar in the Ale, and make it as good as I con for you. Come, Zir, againſt you're diſpos'd.

Friend. Thank you, *Hob*——This Fellow's Kindneſs will poiſon me. [*Aſide.*

Serv. Not at his rate of Taſting, Sir, for he has not left a Drop at the Bottom. [*Aſide.*

Hob. Adod, 'tis main good, Zir. — Will you have t'other Pot, Zir?

Friend. No; prithee drink this too, and then fetch us a Couple?

Hob. Yes, Zir, I will; —Ch'am coming--[*Exit* Hob.

Sir *Tho.* Come, my merry Countrymen, every Man take his Laſs, and give us a Dance or two, and then we'll have the Cudgels out.

Count. Yes, an't like your Worſhip, we are all ready. Come, *Scratch*, ſtrike up. [*Dance.*

Enter Hob.

Hob. Ay, marry Zir, well done *Ralph*, zet to ur *Joan*, zet to un. ———

Wife within.] *Hob! Hob!*

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming — *Toll, loll* — In *Mary* —— Sides all now —— Sides all. ———

Friend. Hob! Hob!

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming, Maiſter–*Toll, loll* O. *Hob within.*] *Hob! Hob!*

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming. —— What a Plague ails Vather, trow? An old Vool! — Udsblead he makes more a Noiſe — Set to now *William* — Ah rarely done! In *Mary*, ah, dainty *Mary!* Turn he about *John*. — Now, now! a murrain!—You're quit out. — Look, *Ralph* ſhould ha' caſt off, and while *Joh* had turn'd *Mary* about, *Tomas* ſhou'd ha' led up *Nat* and *Joan* met *Ralph* at bottom agen; mean while, *Joh* ſhou'd have ſided with *Mary*, and then *Mary* ſhou back to back with *Ralph*, and then *Tomas* had come i again, in his own Place, and ſo all had been Right —

Come, begin again. — Strike up, *Scratch, Tol, lol.*

O. *Hob. within*] *Hob! Hob!* Where be ye?

Hob. Ch'am coming, ch'am coming: What a Devil can't you be quiet a bit —*Tol, lol* ——

Enter Old Hob.

O. *Hob.* Hey-day! Hey day! This is rare Sport. Udsblead, I'll ſtrap you, you baſe Rawg ye — Muſt you be dauncing here, and your Mother and I at Work? [*Strikes him.*

Hob. Hey day, what's the Matter now? What, muſt I be beat all Days o' my Life?

O. *Hob.* You graceleſs Rawg, mind your Buſineſs then, do; yonder's your poor Mother within, a Scawring and Scawring 'till ſhe ſweats again, and no body to draw one Drop of Beer.

Hob. I don't care a Varthing — I won't draw a Drop more, if you go to that; do your worſt, and take your Courſe.

O. *Hob.* Sirrah, come in, and dan't ſtand Dauncing here, dan't ye.

Hob. I won't go in, zo I won't; if that trouble ye, I will Daunce, and Daunce agen. *Tol, lol, lol* ——

AIR. XV.

O. *Hob* Sings. *Sure never was zeen ſuch a Rebel,*
Thou worſt of undutiful Boys,
Thy Tongue, like the Builders of Babel,
Confuſes the Ear with it's Noiſe.

Remember thy dreary Figure,
When out of the Well thou waſt brought,
Thy Mother and I toil'd with Vigour
To ſave thee — And now thou'rt worth nought.

Ah! thou'rt an untoward Boy as e'er was born. Marcy forgive me for begetting thee. [*Exit.* O. Hob.

Hob.

Hob. Marry come up, what's here to do, I trow?

Count. Here's the Cudgels, an't like you; will your Worſhip pleaſe to have us begin?

Sir *Tho.* Ay, ay, by all Means; make haſte *Roger*, and bring forth the Hat and Favour.

Roger, Here 'tis, an't pleaſe you.

Sir *Tho.* Hang it up there, and he that wins it, let him wear it — The firſt *Somerſetſhire* Man that breaks a Head, here's half a Crown for him to drink; and he that breaks that Rogue *Hob*'s Head, ſhall have another.

Hob. Shall he?

AIR XVI. Go vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean.*

Go vind the Vicar of our Town,
And he'll hauld ye an Angel o' my Head,
And I'll bet you another, and ſtake it down,
That I break both his, and thy Head ——

Few Bouts will ſet theſe Matters right,
For my Cudgel, an't prove a good one,
Shau'd make no Diſtinction 'twixt Yeoman and Knight,
Sing Heydon, Dooden, Cudden, &c.

Look ye, he that breaks my Head ſhall ha' zomewhat to do, I'll tell you that. — Let'n be who he wull, he ſhall earn his Money; ecod I'll rib'n; and look ye, to begin, here I'll take up the Cudgel — and now let the beſt Man here take up the t'other a'n he dare —— If he be a *Zomerzetſhire* Man, let'n be a *Zomerzetſhire* Man —— I fight for *Glouceſterſhire*, I don't care who knaws it.

Sir *Tho.* At him, at him there, what is there no body dare venture upon him? Neighbour *Puzzlepate*, take up t'other Cudgel.

Puz. Not I, an't pleaſe you, I have enough of 'en already, he broke my Head but laſt Week.

Sir *Tho.* *Roger* — Sirrah, do you take up t'other

Cudgel, and thraſh him, d'ye hear, thraſh him ſoundly, Sirrah.

Rog. I can't promiſe that, Sir; I'll do my beſt, I'll break his Head if I can, in Love; and if he breaks mine, much good may do him.

Friend. So! if *Hob* does but get the better of the Combat, the teſty Knight will certainly be provok'd to come down, and then we ſhall have ſport — *Dick*, help to encourage him.

Serv. Well ſaid *Hob!* O brave *Hob!* now for *Glouceſterſhire, Hob!*

Hob. I warrant ye, Maiſter, let me alone.

Friend. Here *Hob*, there's an Angel for thee, and if thou break'ſt his Head, I'll give thee another.

Hob. Don't ye vear, Maiſter, ecod I'll noint 'en.

Rog. Do if thou canſt ——I don't fear thee, *Hob.*

Hob. S'bled, I'll dreſs thy Jacket, I'll dowſe thy *Zomerzetſhire* Coat for thee.

Rog. Will you?

AIR XVII. In *Taunton-Dean.*

Sings. *In* Taunton-Dean *I was born and bred,*
And 'tis known I don't value a broken Head;
Nor, ſhau'd I fear Hob, *were he ſtout in his Wrath,*
As Hercules, *or* Goulding *of* Bath,
Fal, lal, &c.

Come on.

Serv. O brave, *Hob!*

All. O brave, *Roger*!—Huzza.

[Hob *breaks his Head, takes down the Hat and Favour, puts it on, and ſtruts about.*

Hob. Ecod I have don't, I've don't, efaith.

AIR XVIII. Now comes on the glorious Year.

Sings. *Now, brave Boys, the Fight is done,*
And I the Prize have fairly won;
For I knew I cou'd beat'n four to one,
And that he'll ſore remember.
Fal, lal, &c.

Sir

Sir *Tho.* Foul, foul, foul.

Hob. Fair, fair, fair.

Sir *Tho.* You lie you Dog, 'twas foul.

All. Huzza.

Friend. Stand upon your Guard, *Hob*, the Knight's coming down.

Hob. Is he? Let'n come and welcome, here I'll ſtand: I'll take no other than St. *George*'s Guard. If he lets drive at me, voregad, I'll hit'n o'er the Sconce, an he were a Knight of Gold.

Sir *Tho.* Where are theſe Bumkins? Now, who ſays 'tis fair? I ſay tis foul.

Hob. I ſay 'tis fair.

[*Sir* Thomas *endeavouring to come at* Hob, *is held by the Country People.*

AIR XIX. Come ſound up your Trumpets.

Hob Sings. *Pray let'n come, Neighbours, for I ben't afeard:*
Do'ſt think I'll be ſcar'd, like a Child at a Rod?
I'll keep my Ground bravely, and St. George's *Guard* ———
Take Care then, Zir Tomas, *I'll 'noint ye,*
Eccd. With a Fal, lal, &c.

[*They let him go,* Hob *breaks his Head; he draws his Sword.* Hob *and Countrymen run away,* Sir Thomas *purſues.*

Friend. to *Flo.* Now, now, dear Creature, if ever you would redeem yourſelf or me from eternal Bondage, be kind, and fly into the Arms of Liberty.

Flo. What wou'd you have me do?

AIR XX. Come open the Door, ſweet *Betty.*

Friend. Sings. *O fly from this Place, dear* Flora,
Thy Jaylor has left thee free,
And before the next Bluſh of Aurora,
You'll find a kind Guardian in me.

Flora

Flora Sings. *Fain wou'd I exchange for the better*
(Confinement can have no Charms)
Friend. Sings *Think which of your Priſons is ſweeter.*
This, or a young Lover's Arms.

Madam, your Uncle has left the Garden Door open; there's no Mortal now to oppoſe your Flight - - - Scout - - - - - Scout, you Dog, and ſee that the Enemy don't rally upon us.

Serv. Ay, ay, Sir. [*Exit* Servant.

Flo. Ah, but conſider, if my Uncle ſhould ſurprize me.

Bet. Conſider, the Door's open, Madam.

Friend. Nothing but Delay can ruin us.

Flo. O dear, I'm in a thouſand Frights!

Bet. This is downright provoking! Sir, ſince you ſee there's no Hopes of my Lady, if you can ſettle the leaſt Tip of your Heart upon her humble Servant, I'll be over the Wall in a Twinkling.

Flo. Hold, hold, rather than you ſhould break your Neck, I will venture - - - - Well, here I am, I tremble every Joint of me; now whither will you carry me?

[*They come down.*

Friend. To a Doctor, that ſhall cure thee of all Fears for ever—To the Parſon, the Parſon, my dear Angel.

Flo. O Lurd! but if he ſhould not be at home now!

Bet. What ſhould we do for ſomething to be afraid of?

AIR *XX. Ranting roaring *Billy*.

Thus Maidens bely their Deſires,
Yet languiſh for what they refuſe;
And tho' their Breaſts glow with Love's Fires,
Seem cold to the Joys they wou'd chooſe.
The Tongue and the Heart are two Factions,
We ſcarce reconcile till made Brides;
Like Stateſmen, our Speeches and Actions
Have commonly contrary Sides.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir *Tho.* There, you ruſtick Rogues, you hard headed Dogs,

Dogs, I think I've at laſt met with your Sculls——— I believe I have notch'd ſome of your Noddles for you. ——Hey-day! the Garden-door open, and my Niece gone!— my Mind miſgives me conſumedly—- Niece! *Betty!* Thieves! Robbery! Murder! Loſt! Not to be found!

Enter Friendly's *Servant.*

Serv. So, here he is, and I muſt bam him till the Buſineſs is over.

Sir *Tho.* Thieves! Thieves!

Serv. Pray, Sir, what's the Matter?

Sir *Tho.* Oons, Sir, let me go, or I'll run my Sword into your Guts.

Serv. Sir, I'm afraid your Brain's ſomething out of Order, and therefore 'twill be but a friendly Part in me to take Care of you.

Sir *Tho.* Blood and Thunder! you Dog, get out of my Way, or I'll—

Serv. Nay, then— [*Preſenting a Piſtol.*

A I R XXI. Stand, who comes there?

Sings. *Stand; have a Care.*
Stand; have a Care.
One Step to move,
Will fatal prove,
For I know who you are.

Come, Sir, make your Thruſt——

Sir *Tho.* What the Devil are you, Sir,

Serv. A Philoſopher; and this ſmall Pop is my Argument.

Sir *Tho.* Oons, Sir, I believe you're a Highway-man, and your Pop there, is your Livelihood.

Serv. Sir, you may be as ſcurrilous as you pleaſe, provided you don't paſs this Way.

Sir *Tho.* S'Death, Sir, what Buſineſs have you to hinder me?

Serv. Sir, I have no Buſineſs at preſent, but to hinder you.

Sir *Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* But pray, Sir, how comes it to be your Buſineſs?

Serv. Becauſe, Sir, 'tis my Buſineſs to do my Maſter's Buſineſs; and I have ſome modeſt Reaſon to believe, that he and the Parſon are now doing your Niece's Buſineſs.

Sir *Tho.* The Devil! Murder! Where are they, Villain?

Serv. Pray, Sir, compoſe yourſelf, for they are here.

Enter Friendly, Flora, *and* Betty.

Friend. Your Bleſſing, Sir?

Serv. Does not that ſhew a ſweet Temper in him now, to aſk it of you, that are but his bare Uncle?

Sir *Tho.* I am ſtruck all of a Heap and dumb.

Serv. Come, Sir, don't be as obſtinate as an old covetous Father at the End of a Comedy; conſider, the main Action's over, you had as good be reconcil'd.

Sir *Tho.* Oons, Sir, I can't be reconcil'd. [*Ex.* Sir Tho.

Serv. Go thy Ways, like a croſs-grain'd old Fool.

Friend. Let him perſiſt in his Obſtinacy, it can be no Bar to our Happineſs. You look melancholy, my Love.

Flora. I think I've Reaſon—You promis'd to carry me to a Doctor, that ſhou'd cure me of my Fears. But, on the contrary, I find that the Malady increaſes, and in nothing more than the Dread of your Inconſtancy. I have for ever loſt my Uncle's Favour, and have now no Friend but you——Shou'd you hereafter eſtrange your Heart from me, I am wretched indeed—— Reflect on what I've ſaid, excuſe my Suſpicions, and remember there is no return of Seaſons in Love.

AIR XXII. 'Twas on a Sunſhine Summer's Day.

Flora Sings. *Sweet is the budding Spring of Love —*
Next, blooming Hopes, all Fears remove;
And when poſſeſs'd of Beauty's Charms,
Fruition, like the Summer, warms.
But Pleaſures, oft repeated, cloy,
To Autumn wanes the fleeting Joy,
Declining till Deſires are loſt —
Succeeded by eternal Froſt. Succeeded, &c.

Friend.

Friend. Baniſh thoſe Fears, and be aſſured they are groundleſs— *Dick*— *Serv.* Sir.

Friend. Run, and call our Country Neighbours back again to their Diverſions, in which they were interrupted by Sir *Thomas*; tell them they ſhall be merry with me to Day, to make them amends for being frighted. [*Exit* Dick.] 'Twas a happy Interruption; for it gave us an Opportunity to be for ever fix'd in Love. —Look merry, my Dear.

Flo. My Concern vaniſhes, now I've diſcloſed my Fears, and Chearfulneſs will ſoon reſume it's Throne.

Friend. You ſhall never have Cauſe to mention thoſe Fears again.—

Flo. It is eaſy to talk thus now, but the Difficulty will be to ſpeak theſe Sentiments, with Truth, a Year hence: However, as I have run all Hazards for you, Honour will oblige you to conceal your Inconſtancy from me—ſhou'd you be guilty of it.

AIR XXIII. Red Honſe. Duetto

Flora Sings. *Let me not diſcover,*
In thee a faithleſs Lover.
Friend. *I'll never prove a Rover,*
But true as a Turtle to thee my Dear.
Flora. *Love prompts me to believe thee,*
Do not then deceive me.
Friend. *My Conduct ne'er ſhall grieve thee,*
Let this ſuffice; my Heart's ſincere.
Flora. - - - - *Let our Lives be ſpent—*
Friend. - - - *In Merriment;*
Flora. - - - *With the ſweet Cement—*
Friend. - - - *Of ſoft Content.*
Flora. - - - - *May our Joys augment—*
Friend. - - - *May no dire Event*
Both. - - - - - - - *Diſturb our mutual Pleaſure.*

Fin.

Enter Dick, Hob, *and Country Folks.*

Hob. Is Zir *Tomas* gone?

Friend. Ay, *Hob*, come in, what ar't afraid of?

Hob.

Hob. S'Bled, I was woundily fraid of's Zword; had he kept to Stick, I'd thraſh'd 'en to Mummy.

Friend. I'm ſorry, Neighbours, Sir *Thomas*'s paſſionate Folly diſturb'd your Sports one Way, I'll endeavour to make you all Satisfaction; this is my Wedding Day, and conſequently a Day of Jubilee.

Country-Folks. We wiſh you Joy, Maiſter *Friendly* and Miſtreſs—

Hob. I wiſh yee Joy too. But when I was zopp'd i'th Well, I little thought I ſhou'd live to tell you zo.

Friend. Hob, thou ſhalt laugh at thy Danger—now 'tis over.—Come, we'll have a Song and a Dance, and haſte to my Dwelliug, and finiſh the Day with Mirth and hearty Cheer: The Night I'll dedicate to Love and thee. [To *Flora.*

AIR XXIV. *Friendly* Sings.

Succeſs this Day has gain'd me Poſſeſſion
Of what I love much dearer than Life;
The coming Night ſhall give me Fruition
Of all I can wiſh in a lovely Wife.
To enjoy the Sweets the Country affords,
Who wou'd not forego the ſervile Flatt'ry of Courts;
To Hunt, Fiſh and Fowl, and taſte the full Bowl?
There is nothing ſo healthful as rural Sports.

CHORUS.

Now from Envy free — All Friends loyally
Supplicate with me —Our guardian Divinity,
To bleſs the King and Queen, and Royal Progeny.
Send us Peace, Trade's Encreaſe, Health and Proſperity.
May Cupid's *Darts ſtrike ſure—But be the Cauſe the Cure;*
In virtuous Deeds delight———Happily all unite
In Friendſhip and Love.
[A Dance, and Exeunt.

FINIS.